(73)

THE Intelligencer,

NUMB. XVIII.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus.

Hor.

DUBLIN:
Printed by S. HARDING next Door to the *Crown* in *Copper-Alley*

My Dear Country-Men,

IT has been the Custom of all wise Nations, not only to confer immediate honours upon their Benefactors, but likewise to distinguish their *Birth-Days*, by Anniversary rejoycings. This was a most generous Institution, to transmit those Heroes to posterity, who gloriously signalized themselves in the Defence of their Country, that others, being Spirited up by their Example, might endeavour to deserve the same Encouragement. It is for this reason, that I recommend *Saint Andrew's-Day* unto you, to be Celebrated in a most Particular manner, being (as I am very well informed) the DRAPIER's Birth-Day. But before I shall make out the great Obligations, we have to him, I think it first necessary, to relate unto you a passage, untoucht upon before, by those who Writ against *Wood*'s Half-pence, which I have read in an *English* Historian of great probity, and Truth.

His Name is *Fines Morrison*. He was Secretary of State to the Lord *Monjoy*, our chief Governour, in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth* and therefore had the best oportunity, of knowing the State of this Nation at that time. He tells you that the Queen, had received an Account of the *Irish* being up in Arms (though to speak the truth it was the *English*, rather; for the *Giraldies*, the

Tools,

Tools, the *Cavanaghs*, and the *Byrns* who were the Ring-leaders, were all of *English* Extraction.) She called a Council, where after several Schemes had been propoſed, for reducing the Rebels, it was at laſt agreed upon, as the beſt expedient, to make a baſe Coin current among them; for this it was thought would quickly Subdue their ſtuborn Spirits, by introducing Poverty, the great humbler of Families and Nations.

Accordingly this expedient was ſet on Foot, and it had the intended Effect; for the Merchants, who generally Speaking, conſider nothing but their own private advantage, imported vaſt Sums of this baſe Coin, every hundred Pounds of which ſtood them not in above Forty, for ſo they bought it from the *Dutch*, who thruſt their cloven Foot into all affairs. This being diſcovered, the Rates of things were raiſed to Ten times their value, the middle Rank of People were all ruined by it, and the Poor, through this whole Kingdom, reduced to Famine, in ſo much, that all the publick Roads were ſtrowed with Dead Carcaſes of miſerable Wretches, whoſe Mouths were Green (as the Author expreſſes it) with their laſt meal of Graſs.

He likewiſe gives a Relation, of a very horrible Fact; too horrible indeed to mention! That a poor Widow of *Newry*, having ſix ſmall Children, and no food to ſupport them, ſhut up her Doors, Died through

deſpair,

deſpair, and in about three or four Days after, her Children were found Eating her Fleſh. He ſays farther, That at the ſame time, a diſcovery being made of Twelve Women, who made a practice of ſtealing Children, to Eat them, they were all burned, by order of Sir *Arthur Chicheſter*, then Governour of the *North* of *Ireland*. He likewiſe tells us, that the poor Butchers, and other Trades-men, who could not afford to part with their goods, at ſuch Rates as the Army would have them, were daily Dragooned by them. That the poor Soldiers were alſo ruined, for not being able to Buy their Cloathing here, they were obliged to be ſupplyed from *England*, at double Rates.

After many more Evils enumerated, the good Natured, and Compaſſionate *Author*, who all along deplores the miſerable Condition of the poor Natives, tells us, their Caſe was Repreſentd in ſuch deplorable Circumſtances, that the *Queen* quickly recalled her Grant, and put a ſtop to the baſe *Coin*. And he concludes one *Paragraph* thus (as well as I can remember.)

We her Majeſty's Officers, who thought to make our Fortunes by our Employments, loſt what we had, and we loſt our Hearts therewith.

I have now finiſhed my Melancholy extract, from whence I ſhall infer, that as like Cauſes ever have, and ever muſt produce like Effects,

fects, that Villainous Project of *William Wood*, might have intirely ruined this Kingdom, and have Converted it, into one large Poor House, had not the DRAPIER (whom I shall honour while I live) prevented that by his PEN, which perhaps *Twenty thousand* Swords, could not have done. Some very great Men, whose Names I am loath to Mention, were so Angry with the DRAPIER, for saving his *Country*, and disobliging their Friend *William Wood*, that they orderd a good Sum of *Mony*, as a reward to any one, who should discover which of the Town DRAPIER's, it was, that durst be so Impudent, and had it been found out, it is highly probable, they would have Seized all the *Goods* in his *Shop*, and have *Imprisoned*, and *Pillored* him into the Bargain, to make him an example to all PATRIOTS.

Consider then my dear *Country Men*, the hazard, which this Noble Spirited DRAPIER did run for your Sakes. How like the old Heroe *Camillus*, he flew in suddainly to our Rescue, when *Wood's* Half-pence were like the Brazen Bucklers, thrown into the opposite Scale, by our Enemies, to fill their Pockets more plentifully, with our *Gold*, and *Silver*. That he has done his best endavour, to save us from Poverty and Slavery, and consequently has the strongest Title, to our Gratitude.

Let us not Act then, in a Christian Country, like the Babarous Heathens, who frequently,

quently, when their greateſt Deliverances were wrought, either Slighted, or baniſhed, or Poiſoned, or Murthered the *Benefactors*, or the *Heroes*, or reduced them to the Neceſſity, of Dying by their own Hands.

So fell the great *Patriots Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, *Socrates*, *Phocion*, *Themiſtocles*; And *Dion* of *Syracuſe*, who was moſt inhumanly given up, to be Butchered by ſome *Zacynthian Ruffians*, after he had recovered the ungrateful *Sicilians* their freedom. We ought likewiſe to conſider, that we may poſſibly ſtand in need of a DRAPIER's Aſſiſtance another Time

And it muſt be an uncommon ſtrain of Virtue in any Man, to ſerve thoſe People, who will not at leaſt offer him their thanks, or own their Obligation to him.

What makes the *Soldier*, and Conſecrates the *Heroe*, but Rewards, and *Honours*!

Let a Prince be ever ſo great a *Soldier* himſelf, if he fails in this ſingle point, of giving Valour its due Encouragement, he will find his *Soldiers* but very ſlack in their Duty, and full as looſe in their Loyalty.

It is even ſo in all other Profeſſions; let Men pretend what they will, as to Conſcience, and Duty, they are but *Hypocrites*, when they ſay, they Act with a View to theſe alone. Proper Encouragements have ever been expected, by the beſt of Men, and it

it is very juſt, they ſhould have their due, as well as *Cæſar*.

I dare venture to engage for the DRAPIER, that he expects no more, for his great Services, but that Love, and Regard, that Reſpect and Eſteem, which every *Iriſh Man*, who has any Virtue left, ought to have, for ſo great a Benefactor. I have my ſelf, one way, or other, *five hundred Pounds a Year*, and I am certain, I make the Computation in my own Favour, when I ſay, that I owe him four hundred and fifty pounds *per Annum*. Let others in Proportion to their Fortune, make Uſe of the ſame *Arithmetick*, how much will the Nation owe him!

And can any one, after this, refuſe a few Complements to his BIRTH-DAY, when *Furze*, and *Candles*, are ſo cheap, and that our Houſes can never be better adorned, than by Illuminations, in reſpect to thoſe, who enable us to keep them?

I wiſh, my dear *Country-Men*, I could caſt a Veil over one piece of Ingratitude, which you have been Guilty of, to one of your Deliverers; I mean to the Great and Glorious *King William*, that for two Years paſt, you have laid aſide his Anniverſary-Dinner at the *Tholſel*, forgetting that he did not only, ſave us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, but did in a very Particular manner, Diſtinguiſh, and Reward the Gentlemen of this Kingdom,

both

both of the *Gown* and the *Sword*, and made the People in general, ſo much his peculiar Care, that there was *no complaining in our Streets.*

I would not here be underſtood, to approve of that *Bumper-Loyalty*, of getting Drunk to the Memory of the Dead, but to have an Annual meeting, to ſhew a decent Reſpect for thoſe, who have been our True Friends, and Benefactors, either Living, or Dead, and to excluſe all others, who are not ſo, even from our flattery.

POSTCRIPT.

I do make it my Requeſt, that the Widdow, the PRINTER of theſe *Papers*, who did likewiſe *Print* the DRAPIER's Letters, may be enabled by Charitable Encouragements to keep *a merry Chriſtmaſs*; for She, and her Family, were ruined by Iniquitous *Impriſonments*, and *hardſhips*, for *Printing* thoſe *Papers*, which were to the Advantage of this Kingdom in General.

F I N I S.